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No. 66.

HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.,

A DUTCH FARCE,

IN ONE ACT

BY

F. L. CUTLER.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUME, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

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IN ONE ACT,

BY

F. L. CUTLER,

Author of That Boy Sam, The Sham Professor, Etc., Etc.

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Hans, the Dutch J. P.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

<i>Hans,</i>	-	-	-	<i>A Dutchman.</i>
<i>Justice of the Peace,</i>	-	-	-	<i>His Master.</i>
<i>Pat,</i>	-	-	-	<i>An Irishman in trouble.</i>
<i>Woman,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Wanting help.</i>
<i>Ghost.</i>				

COSTUMES—Modern to suit the characters.

SCENE—Interior of Justice's Office.

PROPERTIES.

Stuffed Club for Hans. Furniture for office. Books and papers to put on table. Sheet and mask for Ghost.

HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.

SCENE.—Interior of a Justice office. Table c., upon which are books, newspapers, pen and ink, etc. Chairs R. and L.

Enter, Justice, L.

Justice. Well, let me see! What have I on hand for to-day? Nothing that I can think of. Well, I may as well take things easy. (*sits*) I may as well post myself up a little. (*opens a large book, when recollecting, he suddenly jumps up*) Oh, thunder! I had forgotten all about that Jones business. But that will take me out of town, and if I go, I shall have to shut up shop. I don't like to do that, because if there should be anything to do to-day, that other justice across the street will get it. I believe I will leave Hans here in the office—but he is such a stupid fool, I don't know whether I can make him understand anything or not. (*calls*) Hans! Hans!

Enter, Hans, R. He is very corpulent.

Hans. Vell. Vat you makes?

Justice. Make! I don't make anything. I am compelled to go into the country upon business, and I want you to remain in the office until I come back. If any one comes in, you can tell them

that I will be back this evening, and will then attend to their business for them. Do you understand?

Hans. Yah! I does the bizness, und you comes dis evening.

Justice. No, no, you stupid rascal—you are not to do anything of the kind. You just tell them that I will be back this evening, and that I will attend to their business then. Do you understand now?

Hans. Yaw. I fershay. I do 'em up baily, you bed you.

Justice. Well see that you do. You must not leave the office until I get back for anything.

Hans. Yaw, I vas understand. I don't vas go away from here. Kein.

Justice. Well, just get my hat for me.

Hans in getting hat talks over chair, general business in getting up, and getting hat which rolls around stage.

Hans. (giving hat—with long breath) Dunder! Better you tie dot hat or he got away mit you.

Justice. Confound your blundering, you've nearly ruined this hat! I'll get back as soon as I can. (exit, R.)

Hans examines his person to see if he is hurt—rubbs his elbows and shins—limps.

Hans. Busht dot hat did I? Vell how could I hel-ep it? it vas bound to got away. I would ynst like to see him shase a windy day der street up some day mit dot hat; den I guess! (makes faces—rubbs elbow) By shiminy! dot vloor was harter as a dutchman, und dot shair rub-a-dub my rips like ter tyfel! (makes wry face—looks slowly around the room) Vell, vell, I don't nefer vas see der likes of dis! Here I vas got to sthay all day like a vart, und dalks mit de beeblees vat comes to me in. Vell, does vas a nice ting, bein' a shustice's office all der wile.

Enter Pat, R.

Pat. Now, be jabers, but yer're the mon I want to say! I'll tell ye Squire, I'm in the divil's own sehrape. Ye say, the mather sthands loik this: you see I had a—had—

Hans. Vell, dunderant blitzen! vat you makes? Ve dond got some,—vat you call 'im?—shustice here now.

Pat. Haint got any justice ! fot d'ye mane, ye blaggard ? Ain't this a justice office ?

Hans. (motions) Yaw, yaw ! Vat I makes is dat we dont got some ; dont got— Vell how I tole him onyhow ?

Pat. Bad luck to yez for a dutch spalpeen ! Come now, give me a warrant for that feller afore he gits away. Give me the papers.

Hans. Yaw, I gits you der babers.

Gets newspaper and gives to Pat who throws it in his face. Hans steps backwards—trips—falls.

Pat. Take that you blunderin old idiot. Fot ye think I want wid a newspaper ? ye old sourerout !

Hans. (rising) Yaw, sourerout goot. I likes him bully. He makes a dutchman fat. (pats stomach and smacks lips.)

Pat. Who cares if it does make you fat. Ain't ye goin' to give me the warrant for that feller ?

Hans. He vas gone oud in der country.

Pat. Don't I know that, ye blaggard ! an ain't that fot I want the papers for—to ketch 'im afore he gits away ?

Hans. He comes back mit himself dis night.

Pat. Come back to-night ? How do yez know that ye ould switzer case ? Maybe he'll come back and pay me for me loss—that's fot I want. I want me money.

Hans. Yaw, him pay all de monish—he pay all he owe.

Pat. Och ! now, but I didn't think he'd be afther comin' to time loik that. How did he find out that I was goin to arrest him ? that's fot I'd like to know. Did ye tell him ?

Hans. Yaw, I tole him. He come back dis night.

Pat. Well that's all right, dutchey. I'll be back afther me money to-morrow. You'll excuse me hittin' ye with the paper, but I thought you was making game of me. Come, lets shake hands.

Hans. Shake—bully ! I was no making a game-bag mit you. Nix.

Each extend one hand and they shake. Hans winces and tries to pull away, then grabs Pat's hand with both of his. Pat winces and tries to pull away, and then grabs both of Hans' hands in both of his. Hans yells, jumps up and sits down heavy. Pat exits L.

Hans. (rubbing hands) Shiminy! I vas glad he's gone. He vas squeeze vorse nor a cider mill. Rasser I find five dollar ash squeeze him again. Vel, it vas funny aboud dot Irishman. He vant der barber, und den ven I gif him to it, he trow him in my face. Und den he vant money. Vat I gif him money for? Vell he come back to-morrow ant see de shudge, und dat makes no tisfierence mit me.

*Enter Woman, *r.**

Hans jumps up from sitting posture on floor, runs around after chair, upsets it and the ink, picks up chair and places it for Woman.

Hans. Take a shair—take a shair. Bleasantly dundering hot, dond it?

Woman. (sits) Is this the squire's office?

Hans. Vat der dickens! Oh! yaw, yaw, dot's it.

Woman. Well I want to make some arrangements about getting a divorce from my husband. We can't live together any longer: and I've found another man that suits me, and I want marry to him.

Hans. Mine gootness eracious! dond marry me! I dond vant to marry nobdy. He'll be back dis night.

Woman. Don't I know that? and ain't that the reason why I want to do some thing to-day? All he ever married me for was money, and as soon as he found I had none, and many debts, he commenced to abuse me.

Hans. (aside) Vell, vell! vat I do mit dis womans? She wants to marry, und den she wants money; und I dond got some, if I had I would gif her ony.

Woman. (going towards him) Well, are you going to fix those papers for me?

Hans. (backing off—aside) Great Shiminy! she's goin' to marry me now, right away off quick. Vat I do, vat I do? Bleese go away I vant to dink aboud it. Yaw, yaw, I fix 'em—come in to-morrow—only bleese go away now.

*Woman. Well, I'll settle with you in the morning. (exit, *r.*)*

Hans sees ink on table, runs and wipes it up with his handkerchief.

Hans. Vell, by eraciousness! I never vas see any ting like dot. I vonder how dis stuff vas come upturned ofer. I tink dot womans

excite me. I wish I put her on der vloor excepting I skylark after does shair. She vas goin' to marry me—cracious how varm I vas!

Hans wipes his face with his handkerchief, and makes face black.

Cootness how I schweat! I feel like a gouble of dunder shower. Dot vomans makes me varm, I bed you. She's coming after her monish in de morning, eh? I vas pootoy quick think the shudge owe esfrybody in dis blace. (goes L. of table.) Dot bades eserydings. I danks she marry der shudge ouf he don't look a leedle out. I vounder vat comes next?

Enter Ghost, R.

I shouldn't be much exprised of der tyfel himself come in next, and —

Ghost. (heavy voice) All right, dutchy.

Hans falls to the floor and rolls under table, general business trying to cover himself with his coat-tails. Exit Ghost, R. Hans raises himself slowly to sitting posture from under table, and looks around.

Hans. Vell, he dond sthay long. (rises) I guess he got schared off me. Better he vas not come back here again, or I put a head off him so quick vat I can. (walking heard R.) Dere he is again. I'll fix him!

Gets club L. runs to R. entrance, raises club above head—stands.

Enter Justice, R.

Hans strikes him with club and knocks him down, c. and pounds him with club.

CURTAIN.



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